

## The second part of

*Shal.* Go to I say, he shal haue no wrong, look about Daui:  
where are you sir Iohn? come, come, come, off with your boots,  
giue me your hand maister Bardolfe.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with my heart kind maister Bardolfe, and  
welcome my tall fellow, come sir Iohn.

*Falst.* Ile follow you good maister Robert Shallow: Bar-  
dolfe, looke to our hories: if I were sawed into quantities, I  
should make foure dozen of such berded hermites staues as  
maister Shallow: it is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable  
coherence of his mens spirits, and his, they, by obseruing him,  
do beare themselues like foolish Iustices: hee, by conuersing  
with them, is turned into a Iustice-like seruingman, their spirits  
are so married in coniunction, with the participation of society;  
that they flocke together in consent, like so many wild-geese.  
If I had a suite to maister Shallow, I would humour his men  
with the imputation, of beeing neere their maister: if to his  
men, I would curry with maister Shallow, that no man could  
better commaund his seruants. It is certaine, that eyther wise  
bearing, or ignorant cariage is caught, as men take diseases one  
of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I  
will deuise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe prince  
Harry in continuall laughter, the wearing out of sixe fashions,  
which is foure termes, or two actions, and a shal laugh without  
interuallums. O it is much that a lie, with a slight oathe, and  
a iest, with a sad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had  
the ach in his shoulders: O you shall see him laugh til his face  
be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn.

*Falst.* I come maister Shallow, I come maister Shallow.

*Enter Warlike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iustice, Thomas  
Clarence, Prince Iohn, Westmerland.*

*War.* How now, my lord chiefe Iustice, whither away?

*Iust.* How doth the King?

*War.* Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

*Iust.* I hope not dead.

*War.*

## Henry the f

*War.* Hees walkt the way of na  
And to our purposes he liues no m

*Iust.* I would his Maiestie had  
The seruice that I truely did his lif  
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

*War.* Indeede I thinke the yo

*Iust.* I know he doth not, and d  
To welcome the condition of the  
Which cannot looke more hideou  
Than I haue drawne it in my fant

*Enter Iohn, Thomas,*

*War.* Heere come the heauy i  
O that the liuing Harry had the t  
Of he, the worst of these three ge  
How many Nobles then should h  
That must strike faile to spirites o

*Iust.* O God, I feare all will be

*Iohn.* Good morrow coosin W

*Prin. ambo.* Good morrow coo

*Iohn.* We meete like men that

*War.* We do remember, but c

Is all too heauy to admit much ta

*Iohn.* Well, peace be with him

*Iust.* Peace be with vs, lest we

*Humph.* O good my lord, you

And I dare sweare you borrow n

Of seeming sorrow, it is sure you

*Iohn.* Though no man be affi

You stand in coldest expectation

I am the forier, would twere othe

*Cla.* Well, you must now spee

Which swimmes against your str

*Iust.* Sweet princes, what I di

Led by th' impartiall conduct of

And neuer shall you see that I w

A ragged and forestald remission